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Prologue

Hey. I'm finally getting back on that Copy&Paste grind after what, 1 month? 2? Hehe sorry... Right now I'm thinking up of a book that has to do with dragons, along with a long short story of TheBajanCanadian and JeromeASF playing the Minecraft Hunger Games (if you watch them) with some Merome fluff (if you ship them) that I'm writing right now, usually during study halls at school. I also have a short story sort of with Warriors, but with only three characters, all made up. So stay tuned to see what I upload and when I upload!

My OC's is this story are:

Leafsong - pale ginger she-cat with a white left forepaw along with chest, green eyes; ThunderClan warrior; Chosen Warrior

Stone - dark gray tom with amber eyes; Rogue

Lichen - white she-cat with amber eyes; Rogue

Pine - black tom with green eyes; Rogue

Flint - young brown tom with a green eye and a blue eye; Rogue

Aqua - young black tabby she-cat with white stripes and blue eyes; Rogue

I think you know where I'm going with all the rogues. Anyway, quick note before you begin reading. I'm using the characters in Power of Three: The Sight, like I used the ones from The New Prophecy: Sunset. You should be able to figure out the pattern I'm using.

P.S. These foxdung chapters are going to be short again. ARRRGH THE PAIN!!

~*~*~*~*~*~

A black tom with green eyes padded toward a dark gray tom sitting in a small barn, his amber eyes looking hungry and the scar on his eye gleaming slightly in the gloom. Before the black tom had a chance to speak, the gray tom growled, “I see you haven’t caught any prey, and yet, you come back?”

“I didn’t—”

The gray tom interrupted. “Silence, Pine! Where exactly did you hunt—in the sky?”

This time Pine managed to be heard. “Stone, I’m sorry, but I couldn’t find *anything* out there. It seems like we caught all of it.”

Stone sighed. “Pine, how many times do I have to say this to you? Cross the borders! We are not Clan cats! Take all of their prey. Don’t you want to live?”

Their conversation was forgotten when a white she-cat with amber eyes, a young brown tom with a green and a blue eye, and a young black she-cat with white stripes and blue eyes rushed into the barn towards Stone and Pine, panting.

Stone stood up as they approached. “Lichen, Flint, Aqua! What’s wrong?”

After she caught her breath, Lichen explained, “We… we went into ThunderClan territory to hunt, but….” Stone leaned forward to urge her on. “We saw her,” Lichen looked Stone directly in his eye. “She is the one.”

Chapter 1

Leafsong woke to the sweet scents of the medicine cat den. After the battle with Hawkfrost, Leafpool made her stay in her den for almost a moon. Leafsong's wounds were completely healed and almost all her scratches were covered with newly grown fur, just in time for the early leaf-fall.

"Ah, you're awake," Leafpool, the ThunderClan medicine cat, padded out of the rock where she made her nest in, carrying some dock leaves. She crouched down, chewed up a leaf, and spread the poultice onto Leafsong's wounds. "That should be enough," she said when she finished. "I think it is time for you to go back to your warrior duties. Tell me if you start hurting again."

Leafsong pulled herself up. "Thanks, Leafpool. What would I do without you?"

Leafpool shrugged. "You would be with our ancestors by now. What would we do without a chosen warrior?" Leafpool smiled and began cleaning up the leftover dock. Leafsong smiled, too, and padded out of the den.

Leafsong was the Chosen Warrior, which meant that she could rule the whole forest if she wanted to. It also means that cats, warrior code or no warrior code, in a Clan or out of a Clan, would try to kill her.

Leafsong thought back to her fight with Hawkfrost. She had known someone wanted to kill her, but not from RiverClan. Hawkfrost was in RiverClan. He framed WindClan, killed both of Leafsong's parents, and then tried to kill her. She was ready to face anything or anyone now.

Leafsong stopped in the clearing and watched Jaykit, Hollykit, and Lionkit, Squirrelflight and Brambleclaw's kits, play with a ball of moss. Hollykit, her black fur fluffed up by the cold and green eyes warm with amusement, tossed the ball towards Jaykit. It went

right over his head; Lionkit trampled over Jaykit, his orange fur covering him, to get the moss ball. Jaykit struggled over the weight.

“Hey! Get off me, Lionkit!” Jaykit yowled. Lionkit threw the moss back to Hollykit.

“There! Now you don’t have to chuck it across the clearing,” Lionkit ran over to tackle Hollykit for the ball.

“That’s easy for you to say!” Jaykit grumbled, grooming his ruffled, sandy pelt. “But when I’m a warrior, you’ll see!”

Leafsong blinked sympathetically at Jaykit, even though she knew he’s blind. Everyone is different in a way—Longtail is a young, blind elder, Cloudtail was a kittypet, but now a loyal warrior, and Leafsong—Leafsong was the Chosen Warrior.

Chapter 2

Leafsong woke to a prod in her side. She opened her eyes and saw Whitewing, one of the newest warriors, standing over her. "We're going hunting with Spiderleg and Mousepaw," the white she-cat meowed. "Brambleclaw wants us to hunt near the lake."

"Okay," Leafsong meowed sleepily. She stretched and quickly groomed her fur before following Whitewing out of the warriors' den. Then something dawned on her—this would be the first time she would be able to hunt in a moon!

The two warriors padded over to where Spiderleg and his apprentice, Mousepaw, sat at the thorn tunnel.

Spiderleg stood up as they approached. "Are we ready? Let's go."

He led the patrol towards the lake, Leafsong following in back. She looked around at the forest—trees were losing their red and gold leaves, letting them flutter to the ground to cover up the floor, and some birds were preparing their nests for leafbare. *Wow, I missed a lot outside the camp in a moon!* Leafsong mused. She could already smell the salty water of the lake as they neared it, reminding her of the battle again. *No one knows except StarClan, Leafpool, Firestar, and me.* She told herself. *And Leafpool moved Hawkfrost's body somewhere else. But the blood….*

The patrol suddenly stopped, and Leafsong would have run Mousepaw over if she didn't stop soon enough.

Spiderleg was motioning his tail at a squirrel for Mousepaw to catch. Mousepaw dropped into the hunter's crouch and crept slowly forward, the wind blowing from ahead. He paused, judging the distance from him and the squirrel, then pounced. Just a heartbeat before Mousepaw had got the squirrel trapped under his out-stretched claws, it scurried up the nearest tree.

"Mouse dung!" Mousepaw spat and kicked at the fallen leaves

covering the forest floor.

“Bad luck,” Spiderleg meowed.

“Nice try,” Whitewing sympathized.

Leafsong looked around and tasted the air to find other prey. She spotted a sparrow pecking at some seeds on the ground. Leafsong crouched and prowled closer to the sparrow. She pounced and killed the skinny bird with a bite in its spine. It felt good to hunt again!

“Nice catch,” Mousepaw mumbled, still upset about his prey.

Leafsong dropped her prey to speak. “It’s okay, Mousepaw. You will catch plenty more prey later.” She buried the limp sparrow with earth to come back for it later.

The patrol continued along the shore, searching for more prey. “I think we should head back,” Spiderleg decided. “We could catch more prey on the way.”

They got Leafsong’s sparrow and headed back to the camp. Whitewing caught a small vole, and Mousepaw caught a bony squirrel. They went through the thorn tunnel and placed their little prey on the fresh-kill pile, which was only a pathetic mouse.

“It seems like this leaf-fall will be a hard one,” Whitewing murmured.

Spiderleg snorted. “Leaf-fall? What will we do in leaf-bare?”

“Firestar!” A yowl came from outside the camp. “Firestar, hurry!” Honeypaw, burst into the camp, her light brown tabby fur standing up in alarm. “ShadowClan is attacking!”

Chapter 3

"Slow down, Honeypaw. Explain," Firestar, the ThunderClan leader, hurried down from his den on Highledge.

Honeypaw took a deep breath. "Ashfur led the patrol to the ShadowClan border. We saw a few warriors in our territory, so Sandstorm and I went to go see what they were doing." She paused for a few heartbeats, and then blurted out, "They're stealing our prey, Firestar! We have to hurry to stop them. They are fighting right now."

As soon as she finished, Firestar began ordering the battle patrol. "Brambleclaw, Cloudtail, Sorreltail, Graystripe!" Firestar gathered his warriors and headed for the thorn tunnel. He turned around to face Leafsong. "You come, too."

Leafsong bounded after the patrol, heart racing, claws ready for battle. How dare ShadowClan steal her prey! It was already a hard leaf-fall for them, and she supposed it was the same way in ShadowClan. Leafsong shook her head. *My Clan must be first!* She scolded herself.

As they neared the battle, Leafsong could hear the screeching of cats and smell fresh blood. At Firestar's battle cry, the patrol split up and took on an opponent. Leafsong faced a pure white she-cat. *Snowbird.* She slashed at Snowbird's muzzle, getting her off balance, and jumped on her back, digging her claws in and biting Snowbird's neck, hard, but not hard enough to kill her. Snowbird yowled with pain and managed to get out of Leafsong's grip. She fled from Leafsong, realizing her opponent is too strong for her.

Leafsong searched the battle for another cat to brawl with. Birchfall was fighting with Oakfur, a small brown tom, with blood staining his light-brown fur. Brambleclaw, the ThunderClan deputy, fought two cats, Rowanclaw and Ivypaw. He pinned Rowanclaw to the ground and battered Ivypaw with his hind paws until she fled.

As Leafsong was studying the battle, someone tackled her, pinning her to the ground with their paws on her chest, the claws digging in. Leafsong stared in surprise. *Tawnypelt!* Her best friend was staring at her, the light of battle in her eyes. Tawnypelt's gaze softened, but not her grip. "I'm sorry, Leafsong, but Clan first."

Leafsong gasped as Tawnypelt slashed her cheek. Leafsong used all her might to kick Tawnypelt off. "How could you do that?" Leafsong panted, her eyes burning with anger. "I bet you wouldn't have done that to Brambleclaw."

Tawnypelt became angrier, her claws digging in deep into the hardened soil. "Don't you dare talk about my brother like that!" She sprang onto Leafsong's back, her weight bringing Leafsong down. She yowled as Tawnypelt sank her claws into her shoulders. Tawnypelt bent her head to bite Leafsong's neck, but froze with her sharp teeth barely on her pelt when Rowanclaw yowled, "ShadowClan, retreat!"

As the ShadowClan cats went back to their territory, Tawnypelt whispered aggressively in Leafsong's ear, "You should be grateful for Rowanclaw calling us to retreat right now, but next time, you're going to get it."

Leafsong winced as Tawnypelt took her claws abruptly out of her shoulders. She watched the fleeing ShadowClan cats run into the pine trees that they call home. Tawnypelt glanced back at her, eyes narrowed in hatred. Was this really the end of their friendship?

~*~*~*~*~*~

Well, I think this is going to be all that I do today. Maybe some more tonight? I don't really have access to the computer during the weekdays because of my mousehearted annoying brother playing Minecraft the whole time instead of doing his homework. So yeah.

What do you guys think of the story so far? Is it good? I probably wrote this throughout the school year in 6th grade AKA last year. Wow I improved my writing so much sence I started these. Yuay

Anyway, leave a comment on what you think, and maybe leave a vote while you're at it. It's *much* appreciated. Thanks, and have a great day!

Chapter 4

Ello dare. Got a chance to get on the computer tonight. Finished typing my new Warrior Cat-ish one shot "Fighting for Freedom" and published it, so I guess there's no reason not to Copy&Paste some more of "Way of the Stars." Here we go:

~*~*~*~*~*~

Leafsong was following the patrol back to the camp after the battle. As they rushed into the thorn tunnel, one by one, Brambleclaw asked Leafsong, “Are you coming?”

“I’m going hunting by myself,” Leafsong meowed and padded away towards WindClan. She was upset about Tawnypelt and needed some time to think.

Leafsong noticed a bush swishing and tasted mouse. She crouched, pounced, and killed the small rodent. *This won’t even fill a kit!* She thought while burying her kill. *No wonder why ShadowClan is stealing food.* Leafsong kept on searching, but all she found were rocks, twigs, and leaves.

“Hey, it’s mine!”

Leafsong heard a young cat yowl near the lake. She prowled carefully toward a bush and slid under it. She saw a brown tom and a black she-cat with white stripes fighting over a scrawny squirrel.

“What are you talking about? I caught it!” The black she-cat leapt on the tom and slapped him with her tail.

“But I’m *starving*!” The tom complained and tried to reach for the fresh-kill.

They look hungry. Leafsong mused. *Hungrier thanThunderClan right now. It’ll be easy to chase them away.*

“Flint, Aqua, stop!” A white she-cat came running towards them, her amber eyes burning with anger. “All prey caught goes back to the barn for *everyone* to share.” She looked sternly at Flint, the brown tom. “No matter how hungry you are. Do we understand?”

“Yes, Lichen,” the two young cats mumbled together.

“Now come on,” Lichen flicked her tail. “Stone and Pine must be waiting. We can catch more on the way—”

Lichen was cut off as Leafsong came emerging from the bush and into the clearing. “Stop! What are you doing on ThunderClan territory?”

The three intruders were frozen and staring up at Leafsong as if there was a hawk on her head. *Wait, don’t I know that cat?* Leafsong wondered. Seeing her up close, Lilac looks like a familiar cat. Lilac finally blinked away the shock and explained, still cautious, “W-we were looking for food,” she glanced at the sky. “Oh! We should be going now.” With that her, Flint, and Aqua raced into the woods to WindClan territory, forgetting their squirrel.

That was weird. Leafsong thought. *It seemed like they were surprised to see another cat here.*

Leafsong scanned the tampered squirrel and went to get her buried prey. On the way, she thought about what she will say to Firestar. *I won’t tell him. I’m sure they won’t come here anymore if they’re scared of Clan cats.* But even her own words didn’t convince her. Were there more of those cats? Did she have history with them?

Chapter 5

Leafsong was promenading out in the forest, her belly as full as ever and the hot sun beating down on her pelt through the green leaves on the trees. She was dreaming. Leafsong padded toward the lake, enjoying the beautiful day. Suddenly, she heard squealing ahead. She peeked over a hazel bush and saw two kits, a white she-cat and a dark gray tom, wrestling each other playfully.

"Ow!" The she-kit complained. "Stonekit, you stepped on my tail!"

"Oh, come on, Lichenkit. Would a warrior cry about that?"

"Maybe a cranky one," Lichenkit answered. "Or they would fight back!"

Lichenkit pounced on Stonekit and pinned him down. She grinned and whipped her head towards Leafsong. Leafsong ducked, hoping she didn't be seen.

But Lichenkit acted like Leafsong was invisible. "Leafkit, come play with us!"

Leafkit? Is she talking to me?

As Leafsong slowly went out behind the bush, she jerked herself back. A small pale ginger she-kit with a white fore paw ran over to Lichenkit and Stonekit. They all started tackling each other again. *Is that me?* She thought to herself.

Leafsong gasped with the memory: Lichenkit and Stonekit were her littermates. Once they got their warrior names, Lichenheart and Stoneclaw, they felt like the most powerful cats in the world. They murdered an innocent kittypet who was passing through the territory, and would have been easy to scare off with just a warning and a hiss. They broke the warrior code countless times. One time, they even betrayed ThunderClan and told their secrets to rival Clans. Eventually, Firestar exiled them from ThunderClan, and they

became rogues.

Leafsong stared at the two kits. They looked so innocent right now. Suddenly, Lichenkit and Stonekit both pinned Leafkit down, hard, claws unsheathed. Leafkit squealed and tried to get up, but struggled. All three kits grew through their stages: kit, apprentice, and warrior.

Leafsong's vision switched to looking up at Lichenheart and Stoneclaw, pinned, their claws digging into her shoulders.

Stoneclaw leaned down to Leafsong's ear and spat, "We know you're the chosen warrior, Leafsong. You weren't supposed to be it. I was!"

Lichenheart spoke now. "You are too weak to defend yourself for being the chosen warrior. You couldn't even beat an apprentice if you tried!" She slashed Leafsong's ear. She whispered, "Know this for sure, Leafsong. Be prepared for us to come. And *never* forget what you did to us!"

The memory came back: Leafsong was watching Lichenheart and Stoneclaw pin the kittypet down by the old Twoleg nest.

The kittypet was terrified. "P-please don't kill me! I have kits to feed, and my housefolk will be looking for me! *Please!"*

Stoneclaw purred with amusement. "Pleading makes it worse kittypet! And your mouse-brained 'housefolk' will take care of your poor kits. I bet they want you dead anyway!"

Stoneclaw and Lichenheart raised their forepaws, claws stretched out. "Stop!" Leafsong called, too stunned to move, but it was too late. The kittypet lay limp in a pool of blood. Leafsong gasped. Without thinking, she tackled both cats, clawing Lichenheart with her fore claws and Stoneclaw with her back ones. She froze, realizing what she was doing. She jumped off of them and stared at them. "I'm telling Firestar what you've done," she meowed quietly. "A warrior would have *never* done that."

Leafsong came back to being pinned. "*You* got us exiled!"

Stoneclaw yowled into her ear. “You will pay!”

Just then, Stoneclaw and Lichenheart raised their forepaws, claws stretched out, just like they did to the kittypet. They slashed at Leafsong’s throat, and her vision went black.

Chapter 6

Leafsong woke up in her nest, moss all over her ragged pelt. She thought about her dream from last night. Lichenheart and Stoneclaw were her sister and brother? And they wanted to kill her!

Leafsong shivered, not by the cold draft that blew into the den, but by the thought. Her stomach grumbled. She forgot how hungry she was. She groomed herself thoroughly and went out into the clearing, hoping there was some prey. There was only one small vole left on what was supposed to be the fresh-kill pile. Leafsong took it and headed to the nursery.

"Hello, Ferncloud and Squirrelflight," Leafsong greeted the queens with a nod.

"Hi, Leafsong," Ferncloud greeted the warrior back. She saw the prey. "Oh, don't give that to us. We already had some. Give it to the elders."

Leafsong nodded and turned to go to the elders' den. A tail-length before she got into the hazel bush, Leafsong heard Longtail shout, "Is that prey for us? It's about time!" His blindness made his senses stronger—if he concentrates enough, he could tell that a cat is coming badger-lengths away.

Leafsong pushed into the bush and set the prey down. "It's the last of the pile," she told them.

"Great StarClan," Mousefur murmured. "This is going to be a long leaf-fall."

Longtail snorted. "Just wait until leaf-bare," he muttered.

Mousefur changed the subject. "Are you going to the Gathering tonight, Leafsong? I would like to know how the other Clans are doing."

Leafsong nodded. “I think so. I won’t be surprised if there are half the cats normally there.”

The two elders began digging into the small prey; Leafsong took that as a sign to leave. She went over to the halfrock and laid down on it. The coldness seeped through her fur and to her skin. Leafsong relaxed her head on her paws and closed her eyes. By the time she had opened them again, the stars were out and the moon was glowing brightly above. It will be time to leave for the Gathering soon.

Cats were joining in the center of the clearing, waiting for Firestar to tell them who will come. The ThunderClan leader came out of his den and bounded down the rocks to the bottom, his dark ginger fur silver in the moonlight.

Firestar’s meow echoed in the stone hollow, “Dustpelt, Brackenfur, Ashfur, Spiderleg, Birchfall, Leafsong, Hazelpaw, and Mousepaw, you are coming to the Gathering tonight.”

The cats filed through the thorn tunnel and trekked through WindClan territory along the lake. Leafsong walked carefully across the tree-bridge and waited on the edge of the island for the rest of the cats. When Firestar gave the signal, they went through the bushes to the large clearing. Two Clans were here—WindClan and ShadowClan. Leafsong automatically looked for Tawnypelt, but then remembered the battle. *Is that really how our friendship ends?* Leafsong thought.

ShadowClan were sitting on the opposite side of the clearing, glaring at the ThunderClan cats with hatred. Leafsong followed her Clanmates and sat across from the rival Clan, some warriors glaring back at them. She saw Tawnypelt staring right at her with narrowed eyes. *I can’t believe she’s still angry! The fight’s been almost two days ago.*

Leafsong looked at her paws, uncomfortable about being stared at. Something moved in the bushes behind—RiverClan has just arrived. They looked as skinny as WindClan cats, maybe even skinnier. Leapordstar, the RiverClan leader, hurried to jump on the Great Tree with the other leaders.

“I’m truly sorry we are late,” she panted. “But we are starving.” The proud leader looked ashamed as she hesitantly announced, “Rogues have been stealing prey from us.”

Chapter 7

The cats murmured amongst each other as RiverClan slowly sat down between WindClan and ThunderClan. There were only four or five cats from there. RiverClan *must* be starving.

Leafsong stared in disbelief. Lichenheart and Stoneclaw were stealing prey! And they would be stealing ThunderClan prey by now if she didn't stop them. *So,* Leafsong thought. *They got* worse *after all these moons.*

The cats became silent as Firestar began to talk. "How long have they been doing this, Leapordstar?"

"They started just before leaf-fall, when the prey was beginning to come scarce. My whole Clan is suffering." She paused and took a deep breath before going on. "If this keeps happening, there's going to be no RiverClan by leaf-bare."

Gasps of shock rose among the Clans:

"But there's supposed to be *four* Clans in the forest!"

"Mouse-brained rogues! Can't they just find their *own* hunting grounds?"

"StarClan, help us!"

"Silence!" Firestar's yowl rang out and the cats stopped. "If RiverClan is suffering, why can't we just help them with prey?"

The Clans protested again. "Firestar!" Dustpelt's yowl was louder than the rest. "How can we help them? We can barely fend for ourselves!"

Firestar opened his mouth to say something, but closed it again when nothing came out.

"Yes," Onestar, the WindClan leader, agreed. "That is the same for

us."

Blackstar, the ShadowClan leader, nodded. "Even if we *could* feed ourselves, we still wouldn't help."

"Stop!" Firestar yowled as loud as he could with frustration to make the Clans quiet. He calmed down and looked at RiverClan's leader with sympathy in his eyes. "I am sorry, Leapordstar, but there is no way ThunderClan can help you, even if we tried." He jumped down from his branch on the Great Tree. "The Gathering is over."

Leafsong followed her Clanmates out of the barrier. How can RiverClan disappear? There *has* to be a way to stop the rogues. While Leafsong waited for her turn to cross the tree-bridge, she looked across the lake at the Horseplace in the distance, the rogues' home. Suddenly, she thought of an idea—she'll go there, fight the rogues, and drive them away from the lake! And she'll see her brother and sister, fighting with her….

Leafsong shook her head. She *had* to do this. The rogues were stealing prey form the Clans. Plus, they wanted to kill her.

~*~*~*~*~*~

Kay. This is going to be the last chapter for tonight. I'll probably finish this off sometime deffinatly this weekend, if not sooner. Leave a comment or vote if you want to. It'll make me feel good inside :3

Chapter 8

Sorry I didn't update this story sooner. As you may know, I just copy and paste each chapter of this from Word, but I didn't really have access to a computer that had Word or a port for a flashdrive that worked, so yeah. Enjoy this other *short basically five paragraphed* chapter yo.

~*~*~*~*~*~

Leafsong woke up at moonhigh in her nest. It was time to travel to the Horseplace. Her belly growled. As guilty as it was, she was going to catch and eat some prey at the Horseplace, but it was recommended. She was going to fight *five* cats by herself, and they would have eaten more fresh-kill than her.

Quietly, Leafsong got out of the den and snuck across the clearing to the dirtplace tunnel. She tried to ignore the smell, but it was useless. She went through the barrier and ran to the shadows outside the camp, hoping no one saw her.

Jumping from shadow to shadow, Leafsong made her way to the WindClan border. Leaping the stream, she followed along the lake, anxious without the cover of bushes in case someone sees her. Finally, she came to the Horseplace. Leafsong caught a fat, juicy mouse and ate it as she thought of a strategy. There were no cats in view. *They must still be sleeping, enjoying all that prey!* Leafsong thought to herself. *Okay, I'll sneak into the barn and surprise attack them while they're sleeping.*

When Leafsong finished her prey, the sun was coming up. She streaked across the long grass area to the barn. On the side of the barn, there was a hole big enough for a cat to crawl in. Leafsong poked her head in the gap—there was a huge hay pile along the back wall and some little piles in some corners. Above, there was a platform all around the walls with beams going across in the center, and a ladder led up to the platform. *They could be* anywhere *in this place!* Leafsong looked around in shock. *I guess I'll start searching in*

that big hay pile.

She crept slowly into the barn towards the pile, putting her paws down as lightly as if she were stalking a mouse. She pricked her ears and heard scuffling in the hay. *The cats must be in there, waking up.* Leafsong hurried her pace. She was halfway to the pile, when she heard a loud yowl above. She looked up and saw five cats jumping off the beams and landing around Leafsong, engulfing her.

“Leafsong!”

Chapter 9

Leafsong gasped. “Stoneclaw, Lichenheart!”

“It’s *Stone* and *Lichen*!” The dark gray tom spat. “We are not Clan cats, and you are not the chosen warrior!”

The rogues leapt for Leafsong and she swiftly jumped up in the air. Unexpectedly, two of the cats, Flint and Aqua, jumped up with her and slashed at her in mid-air. Leafsong yowled and spun around, flailing her unsheathed claws at the two young cats. As she landed, the other rogues, Stone, Lichen, and Pine, all tackled her and scratched and bit Leafsong. Leafsong yowled with pain. She became limp and laid there, panting heavily, scratches and bite marks all over her bleeding. The rogues stopped and watched the ginger she-cat lay there helplessly.

“Are you already giving up, great chosen warrior?” Stone mocked.

“Never!” Leafsong put in all her strength to get up and climbed up the ladder to the platform as fast as she could.

“Get her!” Stone commanded his followers to attack Leafsong. Stone, Aqua, and Pine chased her up the ladder, and Lichen and Flint went up on some shelves above the gap that also led to the other side of the platform. Leafsong went onto the wooden beam, panicking. The rogues waited on either side of the plank, ready for her to come. *Mouse-brain!* Leafsong scolded herself. *What was I thinking?*

Lichen and Stone began to pad slowly along the beam, gradually coming closer to Leafsong. She glanced frantically at them and gritted her teeth, thinking desperately for a plan. Lichen and Stone became too close with their claws extended; Leafsong closed her eyes jumped off the beam and landed on the hard floor on her side. When she opened them, everything was blurry. Lichen and Stone was standing over her, purring with amusement.

“What kind of a chosen warrior would jump right off of a beam four fox-lengths high?” Lichen taunted.

The room was spinning, and Leafsong closed her eyes, her wounds bleeding even more, her body aching all over.

*****

Leafsong opened her eyes in a clearing in the forest, the leaves, ferns, and bushes green and the scent of prey all around her. A dark tortoiseshell she-cat with stars in her fur appeared through the bracken.

“Spottedleaf!” Leafsong breathed the ancient ThunderClan medicine cat’s name. “What do you want from me?”

Spottedleaf dipped her head kindly. “Greetings, Leafsong. I see that you are trying to defeat the rogues, and that it’s not going well.”

Leafsong sank her head and flattened her ears. “No, Spottedleaf. I am failing RiverClan. I am failing myself! It’s just too hard with five cats.”

The medicine cat pricked her ears in surprise. “Nonsense! You are the chosen warrior, and StarClan didn’t name you that for no reason. The chosen warrior is supposed to protect the Clans, keep them together, and get rid of all the dangers!” Spottedleaf curled around Leafsong and cradled her like a kit. Her sweet scent of herbs wreathed around Leafsong. She whispered, “It seems like you forgot—StarClan is always with you, no matter what happens.”

Chapter 10

As Leafsong closed her eyes, Spottedleaf's scent faded away, and aching and pain appeared all over her body. When she opened her eyes, Stone and Lichen were still standing over Leafsong purring with amusement. *I must have been out for only a few heartbeats,* she realized.

Stone sneered. "What are you going to do know, Leafsong? Fight, or give up?"

The last words echoed in Leafsong head. With an effort, she pulled herself up and slashed both Lichen and Stone across their muzzles. Aqua, Flint, and Pine, who were slowly coming back down to the floor, burst forward and charged towards Leafsong. While Lichen and Stone were still unbalanced, she ran towards the other three cats, giving Aqua a hard blow on her cheek, Flint a nasty bite on his throat, and Pine a scratch on his belly.

Leafsong stood there, panting.

"Now," she began. "It's either you stay and I kill you, or you leave and you live; your choice."

Stone and Lichen slowly got up, warily. "Alright, Leafsong, have your wish, but you'll regret it."

As Stone gathered his followers, Leafsong growled, "Regret? Why would I regret this? You caused enough trouble in the Clans, even when you were in one. You deserve to die, but I'll let you go."

Stone paused in his tracks on the way to the gap. He whipped his head around and faced Leafsong with a sneer. "You are just too weak to kill your littermates and young cats. You're not even *worthy* to be the chosen warrior!" With that, Stone and Lichen led the other rogues out of the hole, not looking back.

When Pine's black tail-tip disappeared behind the barn wall,

Leafsong sighed with relief and disappointment. The Clans were safe, but she just forced her only littermates to leave the lake forever—she'll never see them again.

She heard tiny claws scraping the stone floor behind her as a couple of fat mice ventured into the open. Leafsong hurried and pounced on them, breaking both of their spines. *RiverClan can use some extra prey, now that the rogues are gone,* she thought. Carrying the fresh-kill by their tails, she padded through the opening and headed towards RiverClan territory. Hopefully she'll spot a patrol on the border.

When Leafsong reached the border, she crouched down in the reeds and waited for a patrol. It was a few moments later when Mistyfoot, the RiverClan deputy, was patrolling the border with Blackclaw and Rippletail. They were still skinny, clearly not catching anymore prey that they already were. *That will change,* Leafsong mused. *RiverClan will survive and thrive now.*

Leafsong slowly stepped out of the reeds so she wouldn't startle the wary cats. "Mistyfoot?"

Blackclaw hissed and jumped backwards when he saw Leafsong. "What are *you* doing here?" He rasped aggressively. He saw the prey in her mouth. Blackclaw gasped, "Prey stealer!" He jumped on Leafsong and bit her tail, causing her to drop the mice to yowl with pain.

"Blackclaw, stop!" Mistyfoot dragged the warrior off of Leafsong. "When did I say 'attack'?"

The hostile warrior just flattened his ears and muttered something Leafsong didn't hear.

Mistyfoot turned back to Leafsong. "So, what *are* you doing here?" The deputy repeated the question.

Leafsong picked up her mice and set it down in front of the gray she-cat. "This is for your Clan," she explained. "Last night, I confronted the rogues in the barn who were stealing prey from you. They left the lake."

Mistyfoot blinked in surprise, her eyes wide. “You took on all those rogues alone?”

Leafsong nodded.

Mistyfoot sniffed the fresh-kill and meowed, “Rippletail, take this fresh-kill back to the camp. Blackclaw, go with him.”

Blackclaw opened his jaws to protest, but saw the hard glare his deputy was giving him and began to follow his fellow Clanmate.

“Thank you, Leafsong. RiverClan will forever be in your debt. It’s almost like you’re going to save the Clans, just like Firestar did!” Mistyfoot turned and padded back to her camp.

Leafsong began to head back to ThunderClan territory when something rustled in the reeds beside her. A tortoiseshell she-cat with stars on her fur halted next to her. Unexpectedly, she rushed up to Leafsong and wrapped herself around her, the sweet scent of herbs swirling around Leafsong.

“I knew you could do it,” the soft voice of Spottedleaf spoke. “You saved RiverClan, and you’ll do it again to *all* the Clans, someday.”

Leafsong wrapped her tail around the StarClan cat and whispered, “I couldn’t do it without you, Spottedleaf.”

The spirit’s figure disappeared, and Leafsong continued her journey to her territory along the shore of the lake.

~*~*~*~*~*~

Yaaay it's done. Wooo. Meh.

I have no clue when I'm going to post the 3rd book (BTW there's 4 books so far). Didn't I say in "Out of the Dark" that I was going to publish the beginning of this story a while after that one finished? More like 1 month or 2. So, honestly, don't expect the next book (called "The Betrayal") to be up anytime soon XD

Anyways, hope you enjoy this *short* story. Next book is longer,

and then the 4th book is soooo long that I'm so happy that me and my hand did that :D I suppose you could leave a vote if you really liked "Way of the Stars," and maybe a comment on what you thought about it. Check out my other works. Most of them are Warrior Cats or based off of Warrior Cats (like there's still the Clans and everything but they're different with quickly made OC's in them), like "Flaying My Own Way" and "Fighting for Freedom." Another one is a new... format, I guess, of a short story. It's gonna have around 5 parts in it, my first one being "Me, or Her?" another Warrior Cats based story. I may also post some stuff about Minecraft if you like that, such as Merome, TheBajanCanadian, JeromeASF, MC Hunger Games, and all that gud stoofz.

Sorry for rambling I'm done now bai